

THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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CHAS. E. DAWSON

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Spirituality.

Spirituality is the one thing that, above all others, is desirable and needful for us.



If the high purpose of our lives is to be fulfilled, if they are to yield us real satisfaction, and if our mental and soul culture is to become in any true sense complete, we must win possession of this quality.

Without it, nearly all the other things that we may gain will crumble

into dust, like the bodies

we have worn for a time, when we go hence.

And we shall awake on the other side of the veil, poor, though we thought ourselves rich; weak, though we thought ourselves strong; and ignorant, though we thought ourselves wise.

Lonely shall we be amidst multitudes; strangers in a far country; with desire unsatisfied and expectation unfulfilled.

And not only in the realm *beyond* will our loss be apparent if we fail to attain and possess this pearl of great price; for we shall miss the mark and come short of the prize of our high calling in this world also.

Poverty of experience will be our portion—notwithstanding all our religion and our religious exercises.

Misapprehension of eternal verities will characterize our minds in spite of all our mundane knowledge and academic lore—for *spiritual* things can only be *spiritually* discerned—and only by those who are spiritual.

The angels we might have entertained will pass our threshold, and enter dwelling places that are more congenial; they will visit other souls who are more responsive.

The voices we might have heard will speak to other ears that are more sensitive.

The faces we might have seen will become manifest to other eyes that are less dim.

The glory that might have shone for *us* will be revealed to others whose understanding and vision is less beclouded by earthly mists.

The veil that hides from us the joy and the wonder of that Higher Realm to which so many of us aspire, and which might have become transparent to us, will remain opaque; and we shall suffer loss thereby, and bondage to material limitation and misconception, though we might have enjoyed clear vision and freedom.

Instead of being nourished by the mystic 'bread of life,' the spiritual food that has ever sustained the Israel of God, we shall languish upon *husks*; and the rich wine of the Kingdom will be tasted by other lips than our own.

For Spirituality of mind and heart is the *essential* qualification for the overcoming and transcendent life—for the true understanding of all real phenomena, scripture and revelation.

It is the "wedding garment," without which no guest can be admitted to the marriage-feast of Heaven.

It is the passport to the inner mysteries of the Kingdom of God—yea, in a sense, it is that Kingdom itself.

For the truly spiritual soul learns to *know* God by means of spiritual sensation, and thus to pulsate in harmony with the Infinite Heart of Being:

To apprehend the wondrous symbolism that so largely constitutes the language of the higher planes, and which, consequently, is the key to the interpretation of all sacred writings:

To respond to the music of the spheres and to the great eternal love-song of the universe; and to send forth corresponding vibrations to other souls. And thus it is prepared for the celestial citizenship, and for its higher service and ministry.

Its *soul-vision* becomes developed as the scales of materialistic misconception fall away, and it begins to see with that intuitive perception which does not depend upon any physical organs.

"Those to whom the Earth is not consecrated, will find their Heaven profane."

It is conscious of sounds that once it could not hear; of influences that once it could not sense.

And thus it is enabled to realize the coming glory, more and more distinctly, as the veil grows more transparent.



Many of us have longed with intense yearning to know, *by experience*, something of that mystic City of God which has "no need of the light of the sun" and the brightness of which can only be portrayed by veiled imagery—that dwelling place of souls that have washed their robes and are made perfect—where "there shall be Night no more."

To understand the hidden meaning of its golden streets, its river of living water, its trees of life, its radiant glory, its eternal harmony and peace.

But we could not bear it yet. The vision would unfit us for life in this mundane sphere with all its material limitations and trials.

We should desire with such intensity of aspiration to *escape* from our exile in this prison house of flesh, before our appointed time, that it would not be well for us.

Our spiritual evolution must first be accomplished, our wills be perfectly blended with the Divine Will, our At-one-ment be made.

And it may be needful for us to realize that a soul which is unspiritual could not breathe in that environment; the atmosphere is too highly charged with spiritual energy, the love-vibration is too intense.

Those who are still incarnate—even though they be spiritual and highly evolved—can only be permitted to see it *from afar*. The intensity of vibration that is awakened by close proximity to spiritual beings of the highest order is so great that it would soon destroy the material body.

The potency of the Radiance that emanates from Spirit cannot be adequately revealed by human language. And it is indeed true, in this sense, that, "Our God is a consuming Fire."

But as we grow in spirituality and become, by spiritual experience, accustomed to such higher sensation; as we get acclimatised, as it were, to the celestial conditions; it becomes increasingly possible for us to realize somewhat of the glory which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." *We become able to bear it.*

We must, therefore, be patient for a while, and seek to so co-operate with the Divine Spirit that in us there may be accomplished the "great work" of Transmutation.

And thus it may become our privilege, ultimately, to reveal to those around us in this world, the fact that it is possible for the children of men to live, consciously, and even manifestly, as sons and daughters of God.



Comrades! *We are the children of God!* "And if He shall be manifested (in us) we shall be like Him. And everyone that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself."

Without such purification of body and soul, of thought and purpose, of heart and life, spirituality in any real sense is impossible of attainment.

We cannot nourish our physical and mental organs on gross and carnal food and yet reasonably hope to develope

spiritual tendency, faculty and sensibility—except to a degree that is merely elementary.

Natural Law is such that carnal food inevitably tends to produce carnal-mindedness; for as a man *eath*, so he *thinketh*. Blood-stained diet results in the eclipse of spiritual vision—in dullness of apprehension—in weakness and bondage of soul.

Neither can we successfully nourish our minds upon superficialities and literary trash; upon the aimless gossip and triviality with which worldlings—aye, even *religious* worldlings—are, for the time, content, because they have not realized anything higher.

If we would become spiritual we must strive to live the spiritual life, even amidst the distractions of this mundane existence. We must become purged of our dross—purified by the Fire of the Divine Love; and thus prepared for the sacred work of ministry and the manifestation of the gifts and the fruits of the Spirit.

We must seek, by consecration, faith, prayer, and fasting (of the true sort) to enter that Inner Kingdom which was revealed by the Great Teacher of Nazareth.

Thus, and thus alone, may we, whilst dwelling upon Earth, hope to reach the heavenly and spiritual plane and enjoy communion with that spiritual aristocracy of perfected souls who constitute the true and universal "Church of Christ," and whose society will furnish one of the chief sources of that joy "which God hath prepared for those who love Him."

Sidney H. Beard.



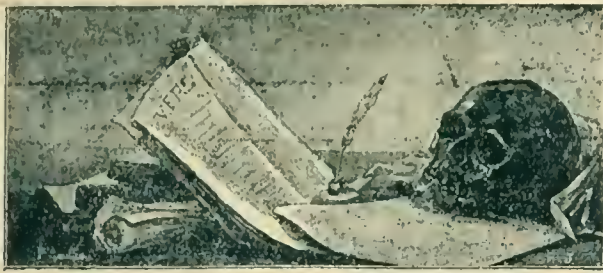
Immortal Life.

Immortal life is something to be earned

By slow self-conquest, comradeship with pain
And patient seeking after higher truths.
We cannot follow our own wayward wills,
And feed our baser appetites, and give
Loose rein to foolish tempers, year on year,
And then cry, "Lord, forgive me; I believe!"
And straightway bathe in glory. Men must learn
God's system is too grand a thing for that.
The spark Divine dwells in our souls, and we
Can fan it to a steady flame of light
Whose lustre gilds the pathway to the tomb
And shines on through eternity; or else
Neglect it till it glimmers down to death,
And leaves us but the darkness of the grave.
Each conquered passion feeds the living flame,
Each well borne sorrow is a step t'wards God.
Faith cannot rescue, and no blood redeem
The soul that will not reason and resolve.
Lean on thyself, yet prop thyself with prayer;
(All hope is prayer. Who calls it hope no more,
Sends prayer footsore forth o'er weary wastes;
While he who calls it hope gives wings to prayer.)
And there are spirits, messengers of love,
Who come at call to fortify our strength;
Make friends with them, and with thine inner self;
Cast out all envy, bitterness and hate,
And keep the mind's fair tabernacle pure.
Shake hands with grief, give greeting unto pain—
Those angels in disguise; and thy glad soul
From height to height, from star to shining star,
Shall climb and claim blest Immortality.

Ella W. Wilcox.

Our National Degeneration.



An attentive observer of our modern civilization can hardly fail to be struck with the prevalence of physical degeneration amongst us, and such impression is amply confirmed by a perusal of the records of the national health.

From them we find that the percentage of men who fail to satisfy the very moderate requirements of our recruiting standard is now upwards of fifty per cent, and is still increasing, that insanity is also increasing to an alarming extent, and that the percentage of deaths from most of the more serious diseases is also greater year by year. The average duration of life is alarmingly low. It has indeed been slightly raised during the past few years, but this has been shown by competent authorities to be due mainly to the increased care bestowed on the rearing of *infants* and consequent lessened mortality amongst them rather than to any improvement in the standard of health of the mass of the population.

On every hand we see individuals whose physical organization is obviously unfit to cope with the ordinary duties of life, and who swell the numbers of those who crowd our hospitals, asylums, and workhouses—"failures in the race." A condition of ill-health, disease, is now accepted as being almost the *normal* one, and is regarded as more or less *inevitable*, and the actual condition of things is such that I believe there are very few medical men who amongst the circle of their friends and acquaintances could find twenty adults, say of over thirty years of age, who are perfectly free from actual or threatening physical trouble of some sort.

The number of these in the possession of abounding and joyous well-being would be found to be almost infinitesimal.

Now such results can only be due to adequate causes, and it behoves us to most seriously consider what these are.

No doubt it will be said with some truth that the rush, excitement and pressure of our modern, competitive, strenuous life are powerful factors in producing a break-down of the human machinery, as it were—but where favourable conditions exist for the due nourishment and repair of the organism, such results are obviated to a large extent—as is evidenced by the fact that persons entering this strenuous life who have had their bodily powers developed on a natural and simple dietary are best able to withstand its strain.

Such widespread evils must owe their existence to an equally widespread and universal cause, and I am of opinion that such is to be found in unnatural dietetic habits.

Neglecting the obvious testimony afforded by the teachings of human anatomy and physiology, which unmistakably

point to a frugivorous diet as that most suitable to man, as a nation we have adopted a dietary largely carnivorous, with results that prove too clearly to those who can see, that a Natural Law cannot be violated with impunity.

The effete salts contained in animal tissues act as slow, but sure poisons upon the bodies of those who consume them, producing gradually, first, serious functional disturbance and finally, grave organic changes in the blood vessels which are the structures by which the blood is distributed to the various organs, and which regulate such supply as is necessary in the respective cases. This supply being interfered with, results in degeneration and disease of the various organs and structures—the ultimate effects of this and the deposition of the poisonous salts in various organs is manifest as premature senility, or localized disease leading to much impairment of usefulness and activity and to a high total of mortality.

When death ends this sequence of events the cause commonly given is the most prominent local manifestation—such as "apoplexy," "kidney disease," "heart failure." etc., when in fact the real and primary cause is *slow poisoning from effete flesh salts*.

Again, as a means of temporary relief from the earlier untoward effects of these poisons (lassitude, mental depression, their action on blood pressure, etc.) alcohol, tobacco and tea are sought and largely consumed, with the result that their often excessive use brings further degeneration in its train, especially of the nervous system, upon the integrity of which the control and well being of the whole organism depends.

In short, such cases afford complete demonstration of the fact that the law "as we sow so do we reap," is as inexorable in its operation in the physical as in the moral world.

Abundant and irrefutable evidence as to the deleterious effects of "flesh poisoning" can be obtained by those who are genuinely desirous of doing so, and I would most seriously urge those of my readers who are as yet unacquainted with such evidence to seek to obtain such; for my experience convinces me that a return to a natural and bloodless diet would result in the arrest of human physical degeneration to an extent far beyond even our most optimistic expectations.

I have not touched upon the humanitarian and ethical aspects of this question, as that is dealt with elsewhere in this paper by my colleagues, although to my mind they are of even greater importance.

Robert H. Perks., M.D., F.R.C.S., Eng.



VITAL FOOD.

One of the most beautiful and inspiring facts of nature is that life shall be sustained by life; that God has provided *life* for us to eat; that the natural food for man is such as can be eaten, digested, and assimilated without even a vestige of *decay* or the touch of *death*; that, full of life and life-giving power, it shall pass on the way marked out for it by the wisdom of God until it becomes changed from the fruit, the grain, the nut, the vegetable, into blood, bone, tissue; into action, impulse, purpose; into thought, word, song; into love, praise, worship, life—life eternal, full of a satisfaction here, which is but a premonition of the joy of immortality.

A Call to Higher Living.

Has National decay set in? Is the physique of the Nation degenerating? Many there are who affirm that these things are so. But is physical

decay the only form of degeneration which the people see? Such weakening of the National stamina dates further back than the body, and has its roots in the decline of the soul's aspirations. When the religious faith of a nation loses its vitality and reality, then degeneration sets in. Of this would I speak to our readers.

I am no pessimist who cares to hear funeral dirges sung over our National life. I am an optimist—a man who believes in the potential forces of mankind, not only Briton, but all the higher races. So I would sing a song of hope to my brethren the world over, because in every soul lie the potentialities of a Christ. I would sing of a real culture that is no mere re-habilitation of Grecian gymnastics or Roman heroism, but one that has its foundation in pure feeding, true thinking, high purpose and noble service.

Even in these days of revived athleticism we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the children are not as their fathers were. Though we are optimists with the highest faith in the ultimate triumph of man, yet are we bound to acknowledge the evidence of science, that of late our race has degenerated physically. And though the cry for education never was so loud as now, nor the educational advantages so great, yet the intellectual results have not been in keeping with the opportunities.

It does not require a seer to read the signs of these times, to behold the people's degeneracy in mind as well as in body; for there is little true intellectual life to-day. With all their education the multitudes do not think; they like their thinking done for them. There is no serious consideration by them of life's problems. All their gifts and the knowledge which has grown out of their educational advantages, have been directed almost solely to the acquisition of wealth or for the purpose of pleasure. The children may have a more correct knowledge of the technicalities of language and science, art and music, than the fathers; but with all this they are not *thinkers*.

We are just now growing a crop of superficially cultured but terribly enervated, and even morally emasculated young life. The children of the present generation have little or no soul-power to grasp the profoundest problems of our Being; and they have even less desire to try. Their better natures are stunted through the luxury and pleasure-loving spirit of the times. They have a supreme desire that everything should be made easy for them; and they have an equal contempt for a life of self-denial and self-sacrifice. Too many of them think that the parents should make every sacrifice for them, and provide them with all they may desire; but they themselves show little if any reverence for age and

Truth, and God. They think of themselves and live for themselves.

Now these conditions, painful as they may seem, are only effects of causes that are removable. The lack of interest in the highest things is not so much from want of ability as from the fact that the Soul of the Nation sleeps, and as a result it is spiritually impoverished,—though in body and mind it is awake to the demands of the earth. The glamour of outward culture has deceived the imagination, whilst the body has been taken captive by animal propensities. The love of sensuous things predominates. What shall we eat and wherewithal shall we be clothed—this is the chief cry. All else circles round this centre. The body comes first. The senses *must* be gratified. Meats and drinks and amusements are the chief factors in our social life. The children have craved for the gratification of the senses, and the parents have yielded, with the result that the soul has found it increasingly difficult to aspire to higher things.

Thus to-day we are reaping the fruits of the sowing of the past fifty years. Luxury has enervated our manhood and womanhood. It has so debased the mind and dimmed its vision till earthliness and short-sightedness have prevented the soul from seeing the cause of its own degradation, and have also prevented it from recognising its obligations to the lower races, and the great need for the culture of humaneness. And it is this awful blindness which has come over the Nation as the result of its gross feeding and thinking which has led to its recognition and even protection and advocacy of the brutal inquisition known as vivisection.

To remove these evil effects we must remove the things which produce them; and to remove these causes the Nation must be recalled to its senses. It would be difficult indeed to show that we are not on the "down-grade,"—not in the sense in which that term was applied some years ago in religious controversy, but with a far more important and subtle and far-reaching meaning. We have been going down for half a century. The thirst for wealth, for mere material gain, for earthly power; the cultivation of the outward senses, especially taste and touch, till they have grown aesthetically sensualised; the ease with which the social craze for mere pleasure is gratified; the barbaric habit of living on the flesh of sentient creatures, killing them for food, and torturing them in the name of science—these things have corrupted the Soul of the people, deadened their finer sensibilities, and blinded them to the higher visions of life.

From these things the nation *must* be recalled if its decay is to be arrested. We are exactly where Rome was eighteen centuries ago. The same forces that wrought its decline and fall are now operating in our midst, though under new forms. Our national successes and our world empire; our universal commercial enterprise; our power to command through our enormous national wealth—these things have made us as they made Rome, drunken with the wine of Bacchus, till our better senses have almost left us. We have been captivated by the visible show, by the love of material things, by the revelry of feasts and exciting

pleasures; and from these we must liberate ourselves. We must shake ourselves free from the shackles of this slavery, or the fate of Rome will be ours.

Where shall we begin? I think I hear some earnest souls inquiring. We must begin with ourselves, with our habits, our meats and drinks. There can be no true pure development of physique under a regimen of flesh-foods. The carnivorous lion may be strong, but it is not human. The human carnivore may grow large and physically mighty (though I question it), yet he lacks those finer elements which make a man full rounded. History and science have declared against the value of flesh meats, and the best medical knowledge vouches for their deleterious effects upon the human organism. Earnest students of moral economics affirm that the degeneracy of our race in physique and mind may be traced back to our eating and drinking habits; and it requires but a moment's reflection to show us the truth of it. Flesh-meats breed disease. No wonder, therefore, that we are a nation of sufferers! There are comparatively few sound families in our land, because we are reaping the natural results of living on beef, mutton and pork. People shake their heads and say it is not true. But the most cultured physicians and surgeons say it *is* true. The nation has grown more and more diseased in proportion to the amount of flesh it has consumed.

But the degeneracy is not simply physical. It is also intellectual; and it is moral. And oh! the pity of it—it is even *spiritual*. I do not one whit exaggerate. Twenty-one years' intimate ministry amongst the people; seeing them in their homes under varying conditions; studying their characteristics and tendencies in order to learn how to deal with them—such experiences enable me to speak as one who knows. And I do affirm that I have seen the upas tree of wealth eat up or blight the promises of noble life in parent and child. I have been forced to witness the absorption of the splendid energies of many souls by that modern vampire—pleasure. I have beheld with intense pain the growing tendency to eschew deep thinking and pure living, and to reject and decry every honest effort to engage the mind with lofty subjects, and to win the life to some unselfish and noble ministry.

The House of God itself is smitten with spiritual ennui, for the worshippers are bored to death by any genuine effort to elevate their souls. There is a lack of that strong religious repose which is the heritage of the soul stayed on God. The imagination of the people must be tickled by some sort of religious phantasmagoria. Even the pulpits suffer from the same disease. Like some poor physicians at their wits' end when face to face with a strange epidemic, so they adopt every craze to try and interest the people.

Yet they fail. Why, it is not amusement the people need, but the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai to arouse them from their spiritual torpor, to recall them to pure and simple ways, to inspire them to think seriously, and to win them over to that life of service which gives itself as a living sacrifice to better the world.

Unless the unselfish life is lived by the people degeneracy will continue. All true progress has its foundations in moral growth and spiritual aspiration. Without these

degeneracy cannot be avoided. The decay is first spiritual, not physical. It is the inmost soul of man which alone can give him true health through living in fellowship with the Divine. Withdraw the soul from that source of strength and life begins to sink, to go backwards.

Now, that is just what has happened. The vast majority of the people ignore God. He is rarely if ever thought of in connection with their manner of living. The inner lights of the soul are not kept burning through fellowship with Him. The spiritual grows dimmer, till the man seeks for illumination and satisfaction in earthly conditions. The moral consciousness grows dull; even the intellect loses its balance, having lost its pedestal whereon to repose. Till at last man in every part of his being feels the hand of death stealing over him, and seeks requicken- ing by means of the stimulating foods and drinks and scenes of pleasure which characterise our age.

It is from this condition of things I would recall my brethren. For here lies the whole secret of the world's unrest and the Churches' failure. I said I would sing to men a song of hope and joy! And here I do. Though the picture is dark, it can yet be lit up with the glory of noble living. It is through the vision of the darkness that we shall best come to appreciate the light. In the very discovery of our errors heaven breaks upon our view. As pain tells us of the presence of disease, and so enables us to get at its seat and cause to remove the wrong, so this vision of the low conditions comes as a messenger of heaven to warn us and guide our feet back into the way of health of body and soul.

Let us accept it as such, direct our thoughts inward and upwards to God, and turn our faces towards the dawn of a new day in our lives.

Let us be brave enough to be pure in thought and habit; to be gentle in feeling and action; to be humane and compassionate and loving to all men and all creatures.

Let us be wise to enrich the heart through the impoverishment of the flesh; strong to dare live the ideal life, to throw off the influences of the age-geist which enslave men to passion and pleasure and wrong ambitions, that we may be free to give ourselves—our very best selves—in loving ministry to our fellow men!

Thus shall we help to combat and overcome the degenerating influences, and bring back health of body and soul-regeneration to our race.

J. Todd Ferrier.

Judge Not.

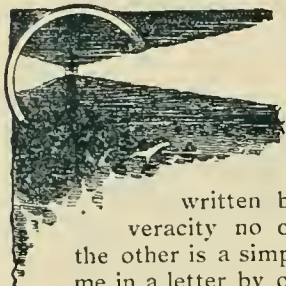
Judge not: the working of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-fought field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

Editorial Notes.

I commend to the notice of our readers the two narratives which are printed in our columns this month descriptive of the cruel butchery which the prevalent carnivorous habit involves throughout the whole of Christendom.



I could publish recitals by eye-witnesses, that are far more distressing in their details and far more shocking to the sensibility than these; but I refrain. And these are printed because one is written by a great religious teacher whose veracity no one would think of impugning, and the other is a simple and spontaneous narrative sent me in a letter by one of the Members of our Order, who has just visited Deptford in order to become personally acquainted with the horrors which we are seeking to abolish.

* * *

The need for Realization.

In order that we may become constrained to worthily fulfil our obligations as pledged workers in this sacred Cause, it is needful that we should realize to some extent, the dreadful nature of the evils we deplore, the vast amount of bloodshed that is taking place in every Christian land, and holocausts of sentient victims that are being offered up upon the unholy altar of man's degenerate appetite.

It is only by such realization that we shall be led to put forth earnest effort to win others to forswear blood-stained food, and to join our ranks as advocates of humaneness and purity in diet.

Let us not then turn away our thoughts altogether from these horrors, as we are naturally tempted to do. Let us face our duty and responsibility, as those to whom the truth concerning this matter has been revealed for some high purpose.

And let us remember that "the night cometh when no man can work!"

* * *

The Awakening of Christendom.

Something more must be done than has ever yet been attempted, to *awaken* the people in our Churches (*and their Pastors*) and to make them seriously face the subject of this daily violation of physical and moral law that is so general—this wholesale pandering to Carnality—this general hindering of the Spirit's influence.

We must make our voices *heard*, even though we meet with the scornful antagonism that has ever been the lot of God's message-bearers who have sought to uplift the torch of Truth amidst darkness, materialism and selfish idolatry.

* * *

The Way of the Cross.

The Way of the Cross is the only path to the skies, and that pilgrimage signifies loyal obedience to conviction concerning the Divine Will, faithful performance of that role in the drama of life to which we feel called by the Inner Voice, and personal renunciation in some real sense in order to promote the amelioration of the world in which we live. If we would win the crown of reward that follows faithful service we must face the self-abnegation or contumely that is involved—for there is no other way.

The conventional "Go-as-you-please" teaching that is delivered from the pulpits of this and other lands concerning the path to the Heavenly State, is as delusive as

it is irrational; and it is not in accord with the doctrine of the Great Teacher, who clearly demonstrated His authority and ability to reveal the true way, by his own transcendent life and spiritual attainment.

For He taught that *self-sacrifice* for the good of others was the essential characteristic of all true religion and morality, and this teaching condemns the prevalent needless immolation of sub-human sentient souls, in order that an unholy human lust for carnal food may be gratified.

We have the strongest evidence that He and his band of Initiates would have scorned to pollute their lips with blood-stained food. And those who know by experience the result of practising this more excellent way of purity and humaneness in diet, and the impossibility of spiritual transcendency being attained by those who feed upon impure garbage and blood-stained flesh, feel *with intuitive certainty* that the "Master Christian," like all the other great Seers and Prophets throughout the Ages, was innocent of participation in this savage and heartless system of slaughter, which has only been practised by races that have been spiritually debased.

* * *

A Respectful Challenge.

If any Bishop, Priest or Deacon, or religious Official of any kind whatsoever, takes exception to this expression of opinion and to this statement of fact, let him come forward and prove, if he can, by evidence which will bear investigation, that by participating in butchery and the flesh-eating habit, he is but following the example of his Master.

During the past eight years our public challenge of Carnivorism upon moral and spiritual bases has been carried from town to town and from city to city, but never yet have I been able to find a Christian Minister who has dared to get upon his feet and defend this barbaric and degenerate custom by sound argument, or by claiming that this wholesale butchery for the purpose of providing a needless and injurious type of food is in harmony with the spirit of the Christ.

If we proclaim *error* to their congregations, why do they not refute our teaching in an open and straightforward manner. If our teaching is *true*, and our Mission is of God, then why do they not in larger numbers accept our Message and co-operate with us in our humane and spiritual work—as a noble and truth-loving minority amongst them are already doing.

* * *

Religion and Sanitation.

The Rev. F. Lawrence, Hon. Sec. of the Church Sanitary Association, preaching at the Abbey Church, Bath, to-day, Sunday, July 19th, said "that caring for the welfare of the body should not be regarded merely as a matter of prudence, but as an *obligation* binding upon every Christian; while to concern himself in public health, as well as in spiritual matters, was the duty of all Christian Ministers. Every person should endeavour to secure for himself the perfect health which comes of cleanliness in the mind, in the body, in the clothes, in the house, in the food, in the drink, and in the air."

* * *

The Friendship of Animals.

There are but few persons who realize what a wealth of responsive affection and friendship is waiting recognition amongst the sub-human races of animals. As I write these notes a small squirrel, who was picked up in a wood in an orphaned and unweaned condition only ten days ago, is playing about my desk. He is biting my penholder and fingers, and then scampering off only to return quickly to rifle my pockets or to nibble gently at my ears in order to show his affection and confidence.

He already understands much of my language and replies to my remarks in tones that I can easily understand. His love and gratitude for kindness shown to him are evidenced by his licking my hand or nestling into my coat with small grunts of thankful satisfaction. His gambols and droll frolicking provide me and my family with endless amusement, and his wonderful ingenuity in overcoming difficulties and accomplishing his purposes would scarcely be believed if it were not witnessed.

Yet there are many persons who are so benighted as to deny that these beautiful little creatures possess either reason, individuality, or soul-life, and who think that they—like all the rest of their mammalian kindred—were simply incarnated in order that they might be shot or eaten by human beings of the baser sort.

Alas! what soul-blindness; what pitiable lack of true apprehension; what *beefy-mindedness* is manifest amongst us as the result of feeding upon flesh and blood. A few months ago I actually read a statement made by the pious Editor of a conventional religious paper in America to the effect that during his summer vacation *he had killed and eaten twenty-six squirrels*. What a thought! That a barbarian of this type should have the audacity and presumption to teach *religion*!

* * *

An Interesting Event.

One of our Members in Bombay sends me an interesting account of a banquet which was organised by himself and other workers in our Cause. It is as follows:—

The Anniversary of Zoroaster's Passing Away.

"For the first time in the Parsi history the anniversary day of the passing away of Zoroaster was celebrated publicly in Bombay, on the 22nd of June, by the Parsis, with a bloodless and purely vegetable banquet.

The *Jashan* (consecration ceremony) and the dinner was announced in the newspapers by a few vegetarian Zoroastrians; tickets were issued, and speeches arranged. Three hundred tickets were sold off, in spite of the rainy weather, and more than one hundred people were refused admittance on account of the limited number of seats provided.

The Alless Bâg was crowded, and after the ceremony was over, Mr. J. J. Vimadlal, a solicitor of the High Court of Bombay, introduced the speakers one by one, who delivered short speeches suited to the occasion. Ervad. J. J. Modi, Samsul Ulema, spoke on the "magic wand" of Zoroaster, followed by N. F. Bilimoria (a member of the O.G.A.) who forcibly impressed upon the Zoroastrian hearers the holy "Commandment of Zoroaster," concerning Compassion and the non-killing of harmless animals.

The occasion is memorable because it is the first when the Zoroastrians of India celebrated the memory of their Holy Master with a sacred dinner, in which there was neither blood nor wine included. "Such a dinner was the most appropriate feast in memory of One who taught his followers compassion and love, and he urged his hearers to ponder over the subject."

Then came Mr. C. J. Wadia, another member of the O.G.A., who spoke on the "Promise of Zoroaster," and dwelt upon the question of humaneness very impressively.

Handbills were distributed inviting the people to form a Food-Reform Society.

Pamphlets and leaflets of the O.G.A. were also sold among the people assembled.

Thus the work goes on slowly, but it goes on steadily."

* * *

I have been requested to state that the Vegetarian Cycling Club—which includes amongst its members so many distinguished record holders and racing champions—has now founded an "Athletic Branch." Application for membership should be made to Mr. T. M. Wallace, 22, Hornsey Park Road, Hornsey, London, from whom all particulars may be obtained.

I should like to make the suggestion to the V. C. C. Committee that it might now be good policy to change the name of the club to "The Vegetarian *Athletic* Club; or, if this is deemed inadvisable, to found a separate Club

bearing such a designation. It seems to me that it would be more appropriate for a cyclist to be a member of an *Athletic* Club, than for a walking, running, or swimming athletic to become attached to a *Cycling* Club. And it ought to be our aim in the immediate future, to have a worthy representative of the V. A. C. at every important Race Meeting in the country.

* * *

Religious Education.

Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews of Nebraska University, gave some advice in a recent lecture which educators in general, would do well to remember. It was as follows:—

Don't teach your children to *fear* God.

Don't compel your children to memorize long passages of scripture.

Don't teach them the doctrine of eternal damnation.

Don't muddle their brains with the theory of original sin.

Don't scare them with the devil.

Don't worry them about baptism

Don't discuss with them whether they are to be justified by faith alone or by faith and works.

Don't puzzle them with the doctrine of predestination and free will.

Don't teach them that they have any better chances of heaven than the little Baptist children or the little Methodist children or the little Presbyterian children—whichever the case may be—across the way.

Teach them Ethics. Instil in them the principles of *right* and *wrong*. Let them read the beautiful and poetic parts of the Bible as long as they are interested in them. Tell them the simple facts of the story of Christ. These things constitute all that is essential in the religious training of the child.

* * *

Light from Beyond the Grave.

There are two passages in Mr. F. W. H. Meyers' famous book on "The Survival of Human Personality," which possess such significance that I venture to print them.

Coming, as they do, from a level-headed scientist, after long years spent in organized psychical research in co-operation with other critical and scientific men, they mean much to us as seekers after truth:—

The Rapture of Certainty.

"I confess, indeed, that I have often felt as though this present Age were even unduly favoured, as though no future revelation and calm could equal the joy of this great struggle from doubt into certainty, from the materialism or agnosticism which accompany the first advance of science, into the deeper scientific conviction *that there is a deathless soul in man*. I can imagine no other crisis of such deep delight. Endless are the varieties of lofty joy. In the Age of Thales, Greece knew the delight of the first dim notion of the cosmic unity and law. In the Age of Christ, Europe felt the high authentic message from a world beyond our own. In our own Age we reach the perception that such messages may become continuous and progressive, that between seen and unseen there is a channel and fairway which future generations may learn to widen and to clarify. Nay, in the infinite Universe man may now feel, for the first time, at home. The worst fear is over; the true security is won. The worst fear was the fear of spiritual extinction or spiritual solitude; the true security is in the telepathic law." (s. 1,023).

Its Bearing on Revelation.

"Can we suppose that, when this conception of the bond between all souls has taken root, men will turn back from it to the old exclusiveness, the old controversy? Will they not see that this world-knowledge is both old and new, that 'die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen.' That although always have such revelations been given, they develop now into a mightier meaning, with the growth of wisdom of those who send them, and in those who receive them? Surely we have here a conception, at once wider and exacter than before, of that 'religious education of the world' on which theologians have been fain to draw." (s. 1004.)

"And furthermore, do we not better understand at once the uniqueness and the reality of the Christian revelation itself, when we regard

it as a culmination rather than an exception—as destined not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it? Observation, experiment, inference, have led many inquirers—of whom I am one—to a belief in direct or telepathic intercommunication, not only between the minds of men still on earth, but between minds or spirits still on earth and spirits departed. Such a discovery opens the door also to revelation." (s. 1,010.)

* * *

A Deserving Effort. The energetic and hard working Secretary of the Bradford Vegetarian Society sends me the following letter, which I have much pleasure in publishing:—

The Bradford Vegetarian Society had an exhibit of Food-Reform Literature, Foods, etc., at the Health Exhibition, held in Bradford, from July 7th to 25th, which met with a most cordial reception from the many thousands who visited it.

We sold and gave away a large quantity of our literature, and also sold a lot of fruitarian specialties, and have every confidence that we have made many converts.

As this venture has cost us a lot of money, and our Society is composed chiefly of working men and women, we take this opportunity of asking through your columns for financial help to pay off the deficit. The exhibition was by no means a local effort only, but a national one, seeing that it embraced the whole of the United Kingdom, and as we advertised "gratis" the specialties of the Food-Reform Caterers, and also the Journals connected with the movement we feel that we have some claim for help.

If any friends, interested in Food-Reform, care to send us a subscription the same will be gratefully acknowledge by the under-mentioned secretaries—Wright Gill, 153, Legrams Lane, Bradford; Chas. H. Rhodes, 16, Highfield Road, Frizinghall, Bradford.

* * *

A Startling Admission.

Mr. Sydney Trist, of the London Antivivisection Society, asks me to give publicity to the following statement by Sir Frederick Treves, concerning the uselessness and unreliability of one phase of vivisectional research. It appears that he forwarded this to the *Times*, in order to support his own previous statement that Sir Frederick Treves had testified to the fallacy of vivisection, but although that Journal had printed the letter which challenged his statement, the Editor suppressed his reply.

"In the *Bristol Medical Journal* for November 5th, 1898 (page 1,389, col. 1), is an address "On some Rudiments of Intestinal Surgery," delivered before the Midland Medical Society, at Birmingham.

Sir Frederick Treves had been describing to his brethren "a method of suturing bowel over a collapsible india-rubber bag," and he went on:—

"A little experience showed me that my bag was useless, and I promptly discarded it. Now, after a period of sixteen years, an American surgeon, Dr. T. S. Halsted, rediscovers my useless bag, and reproduces it with singular exactness. He believes this old-new procedure to be 'better than any method hitherto devised,' and so we step back sixteen years. Dr. Halsted also, by the way, expresses his conviction that there should be a law compelling all surgeons to practise on animals the operations for circular suture of the intestine and for intestinal anastomosis. I hope this view will not commend itself to the legislators of this country. Many years ago I carried out on the Continent sundry operations upon the intestines of dogs, but such are the differences between the human and canine bowel that when I came to operate upon man I found I was much hampered by my new experience, and that I had everything to unlearn, and that my experiments had done little but unfit me to deal with the human intestine."

Mr. Trist closes his letter with the following pertinent remark—"Either Sir Frederick Treves meant what he said or he did not. If he did not, why did he say it?"

* * *

American Piracy.

For plagiarism, of the most unblushing type, the Americans easily "take the bun." I frequently receive books or magazines from the land of the almighty dollar, which contain several pages of literary matter, which have been reprinted verbatim from my books or pamphlets—and without any acknowledgment or reference of any kind. I am glad to have practical truth disseminated even in this way, but lest

any friends who come across such reproductions should be led to think that I had possibly been borrowing from the writings of others, I desire to place a disclaimer on record and to mention the above facts.

A list of these literary pirates is being made, and I shall have to expose them if they do not amend their ways.

* * *

As others see us.

An Indian friend sends a communication which reveals the prevalent thought amongst the millions of Hindustan concerning carnivorous Christendom. I know by the large number of such letters that reach me from India, that flesh-eating Christians, and *Missionaries*, are regarded with scornful contempt by the educated natives; and I commend this fact to the consideration of our Missionary Societies and their supporters who persist in sending out men to attempt the hopeless task of evangelising these people who regard them as barbarians and inferiors.

"About the horrid massacre of the innocent beasts at Xmas, I cannot think of it without a shudder. I had an occasion to visit the market, and I could see the meat stalls hung with the animals, thoroughly skinned, and decorated with flags and other ornaments.

I cannot imagine what the number of the innocent animals killed that day in England may be, when I see such a terrible number of slaughtered in this city (Bangalore), where the Christian population is comparatively very small.

I would highly congratulate you on not being one of the carnivorous."

* * *

A hint for our Doctors.

A letter from Mr. Henry Q. Mack, a Veteran Comrade in Columbia, U.S.A., who has been a vegetarian for 53 years, tells me that many hopeful signs of the growth and progress of our Movement are apparent in America. Four Vegetarian Restaurants are already open and doing good business in New York, and it is becoming general for people to apologize because they are carnivorous and to explain that they "take very little meat."

The following extract from his message may furnish a useful hint to some of our medical friends:—

"A physician settled in Los Angeles County, California, writes that he is convinced that fully 65 per cent. of our diseases result directly or indirectly from the consumption of dead animal matter. He puts his patients on the natural diet, telling them that the nature of the remedies he prescribes for them is incompatible with such dead matter! By this ruse he so marshals the renovating power of a bloodless diet as an auxiliary in the cure of his patients, that his fame as a skilful physician is becoming great; and his practice rapidly increases."

* * *

An Invitation.

If any friends living in Colne, Nelson, or Burnley in Lancashire, would like to co-operate in the formation of a local Food-Reform Society, they are invited by Mr. John W. Hacking of Elder St., Nelson, to communicate with him concerning the matter.

Whilst I am always glad to hear of Societies of this kind being formed, because much useful work can be accomplished by united effort, I always feel constrained to urge the importance of *individual labour* in connection with our propaganda, and the realization of *individual responsibility* to spread the light. A Society which merely exists upon paper and which depends upon two or three officials to do all the work, often acts as a paralyzing influence instead of an energizing one upon its members. There is such a tendency in these days for half-hearted people to pay a few shillings to some organization and then to consider they have done all that can be expected of them.

In this great struggle against ancestral barbarism, and on behalf of the groaning creation, we must ever bear in mind that God expects *every man and woman* to play a worthy part.

The First Step of the Stairway.

The Fasting that is essential to the Spiritual Life.

By Leo Tolstoy.



Fasting is an indispensable condition of righteous life: but in fasting itself, as in abstinence, there comes the question, Where are we to begin our fasting? how to fast? how often to eat? what to eat? what not to eat? As one cannot seriously undertake any work without having become acquainted with the proper order of sequence, so also one cannot fast without knowing how to begin fasting—and from what food to fast.

Fasting! and in fasting to consider from what to fast and how to begin—such an idea would seem ridiculous to most men.

I remember that an evangelical preacher, attacking the asceticism of monasteries and priding himself on his originality, said to me, "Our Christianity does not go with fasting and privations—but with *beef-steaks!*" Christianity—and virtue in general—with *beef-steaks!*

During the long darkness of the absence of all guidance—pagan or Christian—so many wild, immoral notions have become part of our lives—especially in the lower region of this first step in righteous life—our relation to food, to which nobody gave any consideration, that it is difficult for us even to understand the audacity and madness of affirming that, in our time, Christianity and virtue can be identified with *beef-steaks!*

We are not sufficiently horrified by this assertion, because to us has happened that strange thing that we look and see not, and listen and hear not. There is no evil smell to which man cannot become accustomed, no hideous sounds to hear, no monstrosity to see, to which he cannot become so used that he ceases to notice what at once strikes one not so accustomed. It is the same in the moral region. Christianity—with virtue—and *beef-steaks!*

A few days ago I visited the slaughter-house of our town of Toula. It is built according to the new improved methods, as applied to large towns, so that the slaughtered animals may suffer as little as possible. It was on a Friday, two days before Trinity Sunday. There was much cattle.

A long time before, when reading that excellent book "The Ethics of Diet," I had wished to visit a slaughter-house that I might see with my own eyes the facts of the matter brought in question when vegetarianism is discussed. But at first I was ashamed of doing this, as one always shrinks from going to see sufferings sure to take place, and which one cannot avert. So I kept putting off my visit.

But not long ago I met on the road a butcher who had been home and was now returning to Toula. He was not yet a complete butcher—it was only his duty to stab with a knife. I asked whether he did not pity the animals whom he killed. And he gave the usual answer: "What is there to pity? It has to be done."

But when I told him that meat-eating is not really necessary, but is done only out of luxury, he agreed with me, and then added that he was sorry for the animals. "But what can I do?" he added, "I must earn my bread. At first I was *afraid* of killing. My father never killed a hen in all his life." The majority of Russian men shrink from killing—they feel pity—and they express it in the phrase "*to be afraid.*" He also had been afraid, but that had ceased.

Not long ago I talked with a soldier, retired and become a butcher and he also was astonished by me saying that it was a pity to kill, and said, as usual, that it was ordained—but presently he began to agree. "Especially when the cattle are quiet and tame. They come up, in all confidence, poor things! It is pitiful!"

This is a dreadful thing! It is not the suffering and death of the animals that are dreadful, but that a man thus, unnecessarily, suppresses in himself that highest spiritual capacity of sympathy and pity towards living creatures like himself, and in this violation of his nature, becomes cruel. And how deeply inbedded in the human heart is the intuition that it is wrong to take life!

Once, taking a walk outside Moscow, we had a "lift" given us by some carters who were going from Serpouhof to a neighbouring forest to fetch wood. I was driven in the first cart with a strong, red, coarse carter, who evidently was a hard drinker. As we entered a village, we saw a well-fed pink pig being dragged away from the first yard to be slaughtered. It was squealing terribly with a voice that was nearly human. Just as we passed they began to kill the pig. One of the men dashed at its throat with a knife. It squealed yet louder and more piercingly, broke from them and ran away with the blood pouring from it. I am short sighted, and could not see everything in detail, but I saw only the human-like pink body of the pig and heard its desperate cry, but the carter saw all the details, and steadily watched them. They caught the pig, knocked it down, and finished cutting its throat. When its cry had ceased, the carter sighed and said, "Won't men really have to answer for doing such things?"

So powerful is men's repugnance towards all killing! Yet through example, through encouragement of greed, and by the assertion that it is sanctioned by God—but principally by use and wont—people are brought to complete loss of this natural aversion.

On Friday I went to Toula, and having met a gentle, kindly acquaintance, I proposed that he should accompany me.

"Yes," said he, "I have heard that the arrangements are good, and I have wished to go and see. Still, if they kill there, I will not go in."

"Why not?" I asked. "That is exactly what I want to see! If one eats meat, it is necessary to kill."

"No, no—I cannot."

It is remarkable that this man is a sportsman, who himself kills birds and beasts!

We arrived at the slaughter-house. Even at its entrance we could smell a heavy, disgusting, rotten odour as of carpenters' glue, or of paint mixed with glue. The nearer we came the stronger was this smell. . . .

It was the Friday before Trinity. It was a warm June day. . . . The "work" was in full swing. All the dusty yard was full, and cattle had been driven into all the little yards beside the "chambers."

At the gate stood carts with oxen, cows, and calves tied to them. Other carts drawn by fine horses, holding live calves with their heads hanging dangling down, were unloaded, and *other carts* containing the carcasses of oxen, with shaking legs and heads protruding, and bright-red lungs and crimson livers, were driving *away* from the slaughter-house.

By the fence stood the horses of the drovers. The drover-dealers, in long coats, with whips in their hands, were walking about the yard, either marking with tar the cattle belonging to one owner, or striking bargains, or directing the transit of oxen and bulls from the great yard into the smaller ones leading to the chambers. These men were all busy with money calculations, and any idea as to whether it was *right* or *wrong* to kill these animals was as remote from them as was any idea as to the chemical components of the blood which covered the floor of the chambers.

No butchers were to be seen in the yard; they were all at work in the chambers. On that day about a hundred head of cattle were killed. I entered a chamber, but paused at the door. I paused, both because the chamber was crowded with carcasses which were being moved about, and because blood flowed below and dripped from above. All the butchers present were besmeared with it, and had I stepped into the midst I, too, should have been covered with blood. One suspended carcass was being taken down, another was being carried to the door, and a third, a slaughtered ox, was lying with his white legs upwards, while a butcher with muscular wrists was ripping off the stretched-out hide.

Through the door opposite to that where I stood a big red, well-fed ox was being led in. Two men were pulling him. He had hardly been led in when I saw a butcher raise a knife upon his neck, and stab. The ox, as if all its four legs had suddenly been broken, fell heavily upon its belly, then turned over and began to struggle with its legs and hind part. Immediately another butcher threw himself upon the front part of the ox, on the side opposite from the struggling legs, caught its horns, and twisted its head down upon the ground, while another butcher cut its throat with a knife, and from under the head poured forth a stream of dark-red blood, under which a blood-besmeared boy placed a tin basin. While all this was being done the ox twitched its head incessantly, as if endeavouring to get up, and fought with its legs in the air. The basin was soon full, but the ox was still alive, heaving with heavy gasps and kicking out all four legs, so that the butchers held aloof. When one basin was full the boy carried it away on his head to the albumin factory, and another boy placed another basin, and this one was also filled. But the ox still heaved his body and struggled with his hind legs. When the blood ceased to flow the butcher raised the ox's head and began to skin it. The ox still writhed. The head skinned, showed red with white veins, and stayed in positions as the butcher moved

it; from both sides of it the skin hung down. The ox did not cease writhing. Then another butcher caught the animal by the leg, and broke it, and cut it off. In the stomach and other legs *the convulsions still went on*. The other legs were cut off and thrown where the legs of the oxen of one proprietor were thrown. Then the carcass was dragged away and hung up; and *then* the convulsions ceased. The convulsions were over at last.

Thus from the door I watched the second, third, fourth ox. It was the same with all. The head cut off with the tongue bitten, the same convulsions. The only difference was that the butcher did not always hit his blow so as to fell the ox. Sometimes the butcher missed his aim, then the ox leaped up, roared, and, covered with blood, tried to escape. But then he was pulled under the bar, hit a second time, and felled.

I afterwards went round to the door through which the oxen entered. Here I saw the same, only nearer and more clearly; and, moreover, I here saw what I had missed seeing from the other door—how the oxen were forced to enter. Each time that an ox was taken in the yard and pulled forward by a rope tied to its horns, the ox, smelling blood, refused to enter, sometimes roared and retreated backwards. Two men could not drag it by force, and therefore each time one of the butchers went round behind, grasped the ox's tail, and twitched it, breaking the stump so that the gristle crackled, and the ox advanced.

When they had finished the oxen of one owner, they led in another's cattle. Of this next lot the first animal was not an ox, but a bull. A well-bred, fine, muscular, energetic young animal, black with white spots and legs. He was pulled: he lowered his head, and sternly resisted. But the butcher, following behind, caught at his tail, just like an engineman grasping the handle of the whistle, twisted, and the gristles crackled. The bull rushed forward, knocking down the men who were pulling the ropes: then again stopped, squinting with its black eyes, the whites of which were suffused with blood. Again the tail crackled, and the bull jumped forward, and was in the spot where they desired him to be. The striking man approached, took aim, and hit. The hit missed the mark. The bull leaped, shook its head, roared, and, covered with blood, got free and rushed out. All the men in the doorway jumped aside. But the ready butchers, with the pluck bred by perpetual risks, quickly caught the rope, the tail operation was repeated, and again the bull was in the chamber, where he was dragged under the bar from which he could not escape. The striking man quickly took aim at the spot where the hair separates like a star, and which he found, despite the blood, and then the fine animal, full of life, fell down and writhed its limbs while it was being bled, and its head was cut off.

"There, the cursed devil has even fallen on the wrong side," grumbled the butcher, cutting the vein upon its head.

In five minutes they stuck up a head, red instead of black, without skin, with fixed and glassy eyes—which had shown with such glorious colours only five minutes before.

Yet, a tender-hearted, refined lady will devour the carcasses of these animals, in full assurance that she is right,

and making assertions of two absolutely contrary propositions.

Firstly that she is, as her doctor assures her, so delicate, that she cannot be sustained on vegetable food only, but that for her weak constitution flesh-food is indispensable; and secondly, that she is so sensitive, that not only could she never cause suffering to animals, but she cannot bear the sight of such sufferings.

Whereas, the poor lady is weak, precisely *because she has been trained to feed on food unnatural to man*—and as to causing animals to suffer, she cannot refrain from this *because she devours them!*

We cannot pretend that all this is unknown to us. We are not ostriches, and cannot believe that what we refuse to see ceases to exist—especially when what we refuse to see we desire to *eat!* And above all, that it is really indispensable? Or if not indispensable at least unnecessary.

Let those who doubt this, read the numerous books on this subject, compiled by scientists and medical men, who prove that meat is not necessary for mankind. And let them not listen to old-fashioned doctors who maintain the necessity of flesh-eating only because it has been so long accepted by their predecessors and themselves, and who defend their opinions with obstinacy and ill-feeling, as all that which is old and out-lived is always defended.

What, then, do I wish to say? That in order to be moral people must cease to eat meat? Not at all.

I desire only to say that for a righteous life a certain order of good conduct is indispensable: that if a man's aspirations towards a righteous life are serious, he will inevitably follow one defined sequence—and that in this order, the first virtue he will cultivate will be abstinence or self-control. And in the cultivation of abstinence, he will inevitably proceed in one definite order—and of this order the beginning is abstinence in food—*i.e.*, fasting. And in fasting, if he earnestly and sincerely seeks a righteous life, his first act of abstinence will be abstinence from animal food, because, not to mention the excitement of the passions produced by such food, its use is plainly *immoral*, as it requires an act *contrary to moral feeling*—*i.e.*, killing, and is called forth only by greed, daintiness.

All the moral progress of humanity, which lies at the foundation of every advance, always takes place slowly, but the sign of essential (and not merely accidental) progress is in its continuity and its increasing speed.

During the last ten years this Movement has made rapid progress: a growing number of books and periodicals on this subject appear annually: more and ever more people are to be met who have given up animal food, and every year, in foreign countries, and especially in Germany, Britain and America, there is an increase in the number of vegetarian hotels and restaurants.

This Movement must be especially welcome to those who live in aspiration towards the setting up of the Kingdom of God on Earth—not because vegetarianism itself is an important step towards this Kingdom, but because it is a sign that man's aspiration towards moral perfection is *serious* and *sincere*, since it has taken the one unalterable order of progress peculiar to that attainment, which can begin only by *the first step*.

One cannot but rejoice in this, as those could not but rejoice who, wishing to reach the top of a house, and having in a disorderly and useless way attempted to climb its walls from different sides, should at last assemble before the first step of *the stairway*, and crowding upon it, know that there is *no other way* to mount than by this first step of the stair.

* * *

A Crisis of Roman Imperialism.

Not since the day when Cæsar repelled the sudden onset of the Neroii, had his fortunes been so doubtful and the Roman position in Gaul so critical as in the spring of 52 B.C. For now all the tribes rose in concerted rebellion under the strenuous leadership of Vercingetorix; Cæsar could not count any place safe except the ground on which he stood; though the Boii still supported him, they were a small clan and could only render insignificant aid; the powerful Aedni, though nominally still faithful, were in secret revolt and shortly afterwards deserted the Roman alliance.

But at first all went well for Rome; Vellaunodunum was captured, Cenabum fell, Noviodunum did not long hold out. Then Vercingetorix initiated a new policy; it did not matter whether they defeated the Romans or starved them into retreat; the people must destroy all their villages and trading centres, they must burn down all their barns and farm buildings, they must not leave a morsel of food anywhere, they must sacrifice their possessions to get rid of the Romans and must turn a smiling country into a barren desert; better this than that their wives and children should be sold into slavery and they themselves be slain.

This policy met with instantaneous success, and Cæsar's siege of Avaricum seemed destined to fail. The food stores of the Boii were quickly used up; the Aedni showed no zeal in sending up supplies; for miles round the Roman camp all the grain and fodder had been destroyed. Cæsar himself tells us:

"The army was reduced to the utmost difficulties of commissariat, so that for several days the soldiers had no grain and warded off the extremities of famine with cattle driven from the more distant villages; but, in spite of all this, not a word was heard from them unworthy of the dignity of the Roman nation or their previous victories. Cæsar addressed the legions separately at the siege works, and told them that if they found their state of want too grievous, he would give up the attack, but they implored him not to do so; rather would they put up with any hardship than fail to avenge the Roman citizens slain at Cenabum."

Here then is the critical moment in the Roman conquest of Gaul; Vercingetorix, Cæsar and the Roman soldiery are all at one on this point; there is no suspicion of individual faddism. Only reduce an army to such a pitch of famine that it has to eat beef, and you inflict on it the extremity of hardship. And yet we talk of roast beef as an essential of life, when the Roman soldier lived on nothing but grain and only took to a carnivorous diet under such circumstances as might reduce us to eating dogs and rats!

Arthur Baker, M.A. (Oxon).

A Visit to a London Hell.

I have recently paid a long intended visit to the shambles at Deptford. On my strolling about the yard I noticed that nearly all the buildings had been reconstructed within recent years; one particular block of slaughter-houses near the new boiler house reminds one of a long mews, with a glass roof over the yard portion of it, with a massive pair of gates each end. Through these gates bullocks are driven, and from the yard they enter the pens; it took three drovers to get eight or ten



bullocks into each pen, they being so small.

It often requires a great amount of force to get them into position, the bullocks being able to see and smell the blood of the slaughtering that is taking place on the other side of the pens.

I noticed the drovers did not *strike* the animals, they *probed* them with their sticks, which had short spikes in the end of them; they being limited to time, and the slaughtermen, like Oliver Twist, "calling out for more," the men have got to use the quickest means to perform their tasks.

I then went down a dismal covered roadway under the buildings, leading to the slaughter-houses. Each slaughter-house has got two doorways at either end of it; at the opposite end to that where I was standing were the two doorways that led into the pens in which the bullocks were standing. *No doors were needed to prevent the animals from entering the slaughter-house*; if there were any they were not used, the poor victims are allowed to stand and watch all that is going on, the poleaxing, skinning, and disembowelling of their fellow-victims. Boys and youths are employed to sweep up and wash down, and in some cases the blood is swept between the legs of the live animals that are waiting their fate.

The slaughterman in one house dealt with one animal that gave a lot of trouble; they had to stand clear of his legs, they could not get his head close enough to the ring, so that when the poleaxe struck, it hit the wrong place; *three insertions* were made before the animal fell, the man was then quick enough to make another blow at the right spot and all was over, then the usual cane was pushed into the brain.

I got into conversation with a young man who was not working that day, he showed me round the rest of the yard "where they were knocking a lot more down." I visited one of the Hebrew slaughter-houses and saw a bullock thrown, legs fastened to wall, head drawn back, and in that position the animal was kept until the Rabbi chose to come along and cut its throat, no one else daring to do it. The bullock was a long time dying and moaning.

We then went to view where was more daylight and saw sheep being killed and dressed, the sheep are driven into the slaughter-house pen, it is a square with a low brick wall to it; only when the pen is full can the live ones see what is going on, of course they can smell the blood.

I was informed that every animal has to be killed within fourteen days after landing irrespective of a smooth or rough voyage—Deptford being a market for foreign cattle only.

Having adopted the vegetarian diet from a humane point of view, it was distressing for me to watch the agony of the bullocks in the pens that were awaiting their fate; they shook, their flesh moved as if they had received an electric shock, and when the last animal was left in the pen I could look on no longer, I had to move on, for its agony and fear were *indescribable*.

Women are employed in the yard; their duty is to prepare the entrails for sausage skins; their department being at the far end of the yard, they have to pass a great many slaughter-houses, and the one public house that is in the yard, before they are able to commence work.

I took particular notice of the features of all the individuals I saw engaged in the whole business that was going on. The poor drovers were most to be pitied; especially one man whose age was about sixty-five, judging by his features; he did not appear to be one who would ever be likely to take part in a prayer meeting, so distorted and brutalised was his appearance.

When I looked into the faces of these men and women I thought of the kingdom of God, and how little was the chance they had to grow in grace and develop knowledge of that kingdom, while they were engaged in such a bloody trade. I loathed the perverted habits and tastes which demanded their services in the shambles instead of in the fields and orchards.

Thursday afternoon is the busiest time in the market, and I am willing to pilot any sincere reader round this hell if he is likely to make use of what he sees to further the cause of Humaneness and to get people to abstain from flesh-foods.

Alfred Harvey.

(51, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.)



Books Received.

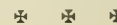
"The Morals of Diet." By Leo Tolstoy (*Free Age Press*, 13, Paternoster Row). Price Twopence.

A visit paid by Count Tolstoy to a slaughter-house resulted in one of his terrible realistic descriptions, accompanied by an appeal to mankind for the practice of Vegetarianism, and for greater simplicity of living. Under the title of "The Morals of Diet" this is issued at the above nominal price of twopence by *The Free Age Press*, Paternoster Row, a philanthropic enterprise founded for the propagandism of Tolstoy's suggestive utterances to mankind. In this booklet the Humane Diet Movement will have a powerful advocate in support of its tenets. Some lengthy extracts are printed on page 105.



"Broken Gods." By Edward Berdoe, M.R.C.S. (Eng.), L.R.C.P. (Ed.), &c., with an Introduction by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. (Published by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Limited). Price 1/-

This book is intended to uphold the principles on which the Antivivisection Movement is based, and especially to expose the fallacy of much of the teaching and many of the arguments advanced in Mr. Stephen Paget's book, on "Experiments on Animals." We heartily commend this work to our readers who wish to furnish themselves with reliable facts with which to refute the fallacious contentions of vivisectionists.



"Isola, or the Disinherited." By Lady Florence Dixie. (Simpkin Marshall & Co.)

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Announcements.

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All Official Correspondence in connection with the general work of The Order of the Golden Age should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary. If letters are addressed to the Provost delay may occur in the acknowledgment, as Mr. Beard is sometimes away from Headquarters.

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